

White Cloud

Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE MISER.

BY CAPTAIN G. W. CUTLER.

An old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Through the night was dark and chill,
And miserably shivered the frame of earth,
The wind sobbed low and shrill.
His limbs were cold and stiff,
And dim, but not without tears;
And his shivering form had wasted away
With poverty, more than years.
A red light was casting its fitful glare
Over the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard bathed his slimy tail,
And the venomous spider crept;
But the miser in this gloomy room,
Was the miser all alone and true,
When he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.
He had beheld the window, and barred the door,
And every nook he scanned,
And felt the fastenings o'er and o'er,
With his cold and shivering hand.
And yet he sat going inwardly round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his sorrowed ear.

"But he" laughed the miser—"I am safe at last,
This night so cold and drear;
From the driving rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasure here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is but a dream;
Yet I should light this fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

"But I take a cup of the precious wine,
It will keep me up and cheer;
It was given long since, by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years.
So he drew a flask from a costly nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes glowed with each draught he took,
And his soul was well with pride.

"Let me see—let me see," said the miser then,
"Tis some sixty years or more,
Since the happy hour when I began
To keep up the glittering store.
And well I need with my anxious toil,
My crowded chest will show;
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an Emperor could bestow.

"From the Orient realm I have rubies bright,
And gold from the sacred fountains;
I've diamonds would shame the stars of night,
And pearls like the morning dew.
And more I'll have, ere the morning's sun
His rays from the West shall fling;
That widow, to free her prison's ring,
Shall bring me her husband's ring."

He turned to the westward then,
And cautiously raised the lid;
And then it shone like the clouds of the West,
With the sun in their splendor bid.
And on their own in precious store,
Are stowed with shining gold;
Are counted, and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flash to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like diamonds shine?
Why trembles he thus in such terror now?
What was there in the wine?
His lonely seat he scarce to resign—
To crawl to his own bed he tried;
But finding his efforts were all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and—died!

Select Tale.

MY HOST.

A HIGHWAY ADVENTURE.

My business called me through the northern part of the State of Illinois. I crossed the Illinois river at Ottawa, intending to strike Rock River at Foster's Mills. Foster was an old friend, who had gone out some years before, and created a mill upon one of the tributaries of the last mentioned river, he having bought a whole township in that section. It was some out of my way, as my most direct route was very near due west from Ottawa, whereas this route took me over sixty miles farther north. However, I had learned that there was quite a good road to Rock River, and I turned my horse's head in that direction. I calculated my time, and concluded that by moderate travelling I could reach the mill in two days.

During the first day my road lay through a country mostly cleared, and was well travelled; but on the second day I struck into a wilder region, and the way was little better than a bridle path through a dense forest. I passed several clearings, where small huts were erected, and at one of these latter, I stopped and got some dinner. I found a young man in charge of the premises, the father having gone to "the mills." I asked what mills they meant, and the old lady said they were "Foster's Mills."

From these people I learned that Foster's place was forty miles distant, and that the only dwelling, after leaving two nearby, between here and there, was a sort of stopping place kept by a man named Daniel Groome. They said he generally kept food for man and beast, and also had a good supply of liquor, principally whiskey. His house was twelve miles to the mills.

This just suited me. I could reach Groome's by six o'clock, and there get some supper, and rest and buy my horse. Then I could easily reach Foster's by nine, as the moon was well on its second quarter.

The good people refused to take anything for my dinner, but I bestowed half a dollar upon a shaven-headed urchin who was trotting around upon his bare feet, and then set forward again. There was another hut at the distance of half a mile, and the second about a mile off. I saw no more human habitations until I reached Groome's. I found the travelling full as good as I had expected, and arrived at the forest inn at half past five.

This inn was situated upon a romantic spot, and to a lover of isolated nature must have been a charming retreat. The house was built of logs, the outside surface hewn, and the seams filled with cement formed of some sort of fine tough moss and pitch. There were three separate buildings to this house, the principal one being built with the gable end to the road, and

the other two upon either side, running out like two L's. Then there was a barn a short distance off, with a piggery connected. Take it altogether, it was quite a place for such a locality. A small stream ran close by, so that the water was plentiful.

As I rode up to the door, Mr. Groome himself came out. He was a tall, gaunt man with fiery red hair, and a face as coarse as it was ugly. But I was surprised when I heard his voice. I had expected a tone like the bellow of a bull; but instead of that his notes fell upon my ears like the speech of a woman. He smiled as he spoke, and I thought to myself how his appearance would deceive any one, for in conversation he seemed a different man.

I informed him that I was on my way to Foster's mill, and could only stop long enough to rest my horse and get some supper. He gazed into my face some moments without speaking, and finally said:

"Ah—yes—humph."

When he turned into the entry and called "Ike," Ike came—a tall, strapping youth, one or two and twenty—with a red head and features such as could belong to no one but a child of my host. "Ike" took my horse, and Mr. Groome led the way to the "sitting room," as he called it. It was rough but comfortable, and the furniture consisted of a pine table, a mahogany bureau, and four long pine benches which were set against the walls. There were no chairs, these benches being sufficient to accommodate quite an assembly.

Groome asked me if I would like something warm. I supposed he meant whiskey and I told him no. He said I had better take a little—'twould do me good. But I assured him I never used it—that I felt better without it.

"But do you mean that you never drink whiskey?" he added, with elevated eyebrows.

"Never!" I told him.

"Brandy, I suppose; or maybe rare old gin?" pursued my host.

"No," I replied. "I don't use stimulating drinks at all."

"You don't?" burst from his lips, while he eyed me from head to foot. "Wal, stranger, I'd give you 'till for your picture to hang up in my house. Never drink! How in marry's name d'ye live! How d'ye contrive when you get wet and cold?"

"Why," said I, with a smile, "I get dry again as soon as possible."

"Dry, my sakes, I should think 'twould be an everlasting drink! Never drink! Wal—here I've lived year in 'n' year out, goin' on to fifteen years, an' you're the first man I ever seed as wouldn't drink a bit o' whiskey on the top of a long journey. Fact—stranger—'tis by the top!"

I told him I thought it very probable, and he then went, and I heard him leave the house.

In half an hour my host came and informed me that supper was ready. He led me to a back room, where a table was set quite respectably, the dishes being of blue ware, and nearly new. He and I sat down with me, and as I saw them attack the various articles of food, I felt assured there could be no poison in them. The meal consisted of boiled potatoes, fried bacon and new wheat bread, and I did ample justice to the repast.

"You think you must go on to-night?" said my host, while we were eating.

"Yes," I told him, "I wish to see my friend, and I shall gain considerable time by reaching his place to-night."

"Is he expecting ye?" Groome asked.

"No," I answered.

"Perhaps he don't know that you're in this section at all?"

The Bachelor Homes of Kansas.

Early in the spring, several thousand excellent young men, of enterprise and talent, came to Kansas from noble motives. This was jokingly called the *Carpet Bag* emigration. Not having the encouragement of families, they moved readily to any part of the Territory, which suited their fancy, and took claims and settled down. If troubles came, they were on hand to suppress them, so that Kansas might no longer depend on Missouri for a posse to keep the peace.

We have many pleasant acquaintances among these young men, and have frequently met them in their Kansas homes. One we met in the road about 70 miles from Lawrence. He insisted on our visiting his cabin and taking dinner. We gladly accompanied him. He had a beautiful claim—part timber and part prairie, with a creek running through it, and a small pole cabin, without fire place, stove or floor. The bed was a pile of hay in one corner on the ground, and an Indian blanket, which answered for a cloak by day, and a bed cover by night.

On introducing us to his cabin, he invited us to sit down on his trunk, and excuse him while he "ran over to Jim's," and borrow a little flour for dinner—"I am out," said he. He obtained the flour and commenced making butter cakes, in the mean time entertaining us with his new mode of life, and the pleasures attending it. In the first place, the people were all free and equal, "flat, ragged and sandy," and cared for nobody. He had not had his clothes off for two weeks, and had violated no custom or fashion of the neighborhood. He had but two cooking utensils—a frying pan and coffee pot. He did not know what else he wanted, for he was perfectly happy. "I should like miles to come once in a while, though," said he, "for we have had no paper since we came here, and that is an old N. Y. Tribune, which we boys have read through so often that we know it by heart—advertisements and all."

After eating a hearty dinner, made sweet by hunger, we left, wishing our friend health and prosperity forever. He was a printer, a scholar and a patriot.

Fifty miles further on we heard of our friend H. We had formerly known him as a tall, handsome, gentlemanly fellow, with dark curly hair, dark eyes, the manners of a Chesterfield, the learning of a scholar, the skill of an artist. He played the violin to perfection, and was the center of attraction and the soul of enjoyment wherever he went. We had directions to his cabin, and drove up before the door and called out his name. He was lying yet rolled up in his blanket, on the door, which he had taken from the hinges and laid upon two stumps, for a bedstead. He roused up at our call, and on being asked for his blanket, he gave us a reason for his economy, that it was warm weather now, and the door was not needed to stop the hole in the logs, so he put it to use for the sake of lying up higher from the ground. We made a long and pleasant visit here. Scarcely made a bed, we watched our friend get breakfast. He was a cold water man, so our repast here was even more simple than the other. The only cooking utensil was a frying pan. The only article of diet was butter cakes, made of flour and corn meal, with butter and molasses. The fire place was four or five stones, out of doors, where the fire was kept. We took our tin plates on our laps, and ate a very pleasant breakfast. Soon after this was over, two young gentlemen, travelers, rode up and enquired for vacant claims. He replied that he could give them no satisfactory information, the country being mostly taken up. After a little conversation, they left.

"Did you not tell me," said we, "that there were several good claims near here?"

"Yes, I did; but I am keeping them for families. I am sick of this kind of society. We old bachelors go around and visit one another, and it is perfectly sickening. We see no signs of life—no chickens, or dogs, or babies creeping around, and it is too lonesome—it is not human to live so, and I am going East."

"What! not to leave the country?"

"No, no. I intend to return. But I must go East."

"Ah! yes I understand. There is a star in the East, and you are going to worship. Come, own up."

"I must go. You see my nice garden, and fine spring, and the beautiful farm I shall have in a few days, and what good will it do me if I can have no one to enjoy it with? I am going East; and if the girls love me as well as they use to, I shall bring one of them home—that is as certain as you live."

"I am glad to hear that. May success and happiness attend you. Good bye."

So Harry has gone East. In this manner our bachelor friends are dropping off one by one, and we hope before long to lose them all in the same way. There are probably 5,000 such homes in Kansas, some better and some worse than the above, but all equally lonely.—*Harold of Freedom.*

PROPHETIC WORDS.—The following is an extract from a speech made by President Buchanan, in Congress, on the independent treasury bill:

"The evils of a redundant paper circulation are manifest to every eye. It alternately raises and sinks the value of every man's property. It makes a beggar of the man to-morrow who indulges in dreams of wealth to-day. It converts the business of society into a mere lottery, while those who distribute the prizes are wholly irresponsible to the people. When the collapse comes—as it must—it casts laborers out of employment, crushes manufacturers and merchants, and ruins thousands of honest and industrious citizens."

A CHERISHED HOME JOCKEY.—A few days since, a minister in Seneca Falls, N. Y., hired a lively horse and wagon to go on a journey. He was absent two days, swapped horses six times, and came back to the stable with the same horse he took out, having made \$100 by his operations.

A Few Words to Country Papers.

The Chicago Times, noticing a country paper, applying for an exchange, says: "The Journal published at Lafayette, Marshall county, Iowa, comes to us of the date of Oct. 15th, asking for an exchange. Though published two days after the election, no mention of that event is made in the paper. Valuable exchange that."

The above remark of the Times hits the nail on the head, and should suggest to the weekly country press the propriety of paying more attention to domestic events. No matter how small a paper may be, if keenly alive to everything of interest to its own immediate neighborhood, it will never fail to be useful and appreciated by way of an exchange.

Yet, strange to say, many country papers entirely ignore the well-established principle of journalism, that news, like charity, should be given at home. Instead of rehearsing stale European news, old widows' (veritable Joe Miller's), with beads down to their waists, and doggerel poetry, they would labor more faithfully in their vocation by bestowing some attention upon matters immediately before and around them.

Country papers should make domestic occurrences and local matter their first object—it is for this they were established in so many localities. Foreign news and miscellanies are secondary considerations; first, because they must unavoidably be stale when published; secondly, because there are few newspaper readers who do not take one or more dailies for the express purpose of getting early news abroad. If, therefore, be remembered by our country friends, that their particular province is to be local. Yet how few act upon this principle.

We have some exchanges in our eye at present writing, which, were it not for the heading, might be published in Ohio, New York, or Tennessee, for all that appears in their columns. Like Mrs. Jellaby, in the Black House, "they can see nothing nearer than Africa." This, certainly is all wrong.—*Ex. & H.*

Parson Brownlow on Democracy. Parson Brownlow discourses in the last number of the Knoxville Whig, on the subject of the late elections in Tennessee. He acknowledges the fact that his party has suffered a complete rout, but at the same time, is indisposed to concede to the Democracy. His reasons for refusal he strongly gives in the following brief extract:

"We recognize in the ranks of the Democratic party, thousands of high minded men, ardent patriots, and true lovers of their country; but before we will fall into the support of what we believe to be the reckless and ruinous policy of the long hanging humbug and villainous designs of this self-styled 'National Democratic party,' we would see that unwashed, uneducated, unmerciful, and unregenerate organization as far down in Hell, as a forge-hammer would fall in a thousand years! Let no one suppose this language too strong, without considering to what sort of an organization it is applied. We apply it to the foreign Catholic, pauper-loving, anti-American, wet-nurse Democracy, who, differing among themselves, widely and materially, on every question of national policy before the country, nevertheless agree, affiliate, and fraternize, in elections, for the sake of the spoils—with all the parties, of all colors, and of all religions, embracing in paternal hug, all the odds and ends of God's creation! They are a party, whose leaders hunted down to the grave, the purest patriots and noblest intellects of the land, plundering their characters, misrepresenting their acts, and vilifying their ashes in their graves—a party that has trampled on the Constitution and laws, and treaty obligations, as well as the settled usages of the country, and with them all, the sacred precepts of the Christian religion, under their unhallowed feet."

SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF HAVING.—The following rich revelations are furnished by a correspondent of the St. Louis Republican:

"In conclusion, I will depict for you an Illinois bank. A frame house, a counter so high that you can barely lay your wrist on the sharp edges of it, and so narrow that but one man can approach at a time. The specie scoop hangs high up, like the laws of Nero, but, unlike them, covered with cobwebs. Your check is cancelled in deadly silence. You hear some faintling behind a green screen. A package of shipmasters, as thick as a bull's horn, and twenty-five cents in silver, is handed you for your inconsiderable check. The bundle is tightly laced, the notes are inside, so that, with the other inconveniences, you can hardly count them. You open the bundle and sit out the tinklers, almond trees, and Wisconsin, and you are perceptibly told, 'No use in asserting that is all you can get.' You say: 'Please, then, return me my check.' Answer: 'Your check is already cancelled.' This is the return made you by the best of them for gold returned on grain. Had the grain gone down, you would have had it, but, having gone up, they return you such shipmasters for your advances in gold, or stand still."

DISCOVERY OF A LIBRARY IN THE TOMB OF MEMPHIS.—M. de Sauley, a member of the French Institute, who has passed some time in Egypt, and is very conversant with its archaeology, states in the Courrier de Paris, that an important discovery has been made in one of the tombs of Memphis of a whole library of papyri, which fortunately was saved from destruction by the agent of the British Museum, who bought the whole lot. Mr. Bird, of the museum, has as yet deciphered one of these curious manuscripts, which turns out to be a complete history of the Royal dynasties registered under the numbers 18 and 19 in Manetho's Chronological Canon. The celebrated Rosetta stone belonged to one of these dynasties, and the same period comprises the history of the occupation of Egypt by the Hyksos or shepherds, who kept Egypt under their sway for ages.—*London papers, Sept. 12.*

NEW MEXICO.—Mr. Otero, the Democratic Administration candidate for Congress, has been re-elected by a majority of 4,000 over Judge Baird, who was appointed Indian Agent by Mr. Fillmore, and removed by Mr. Pierce.

Mr. Fillmore at Home.

A correspondent of the New York Observer—a religious paper—who visited Lexington, Ky., at the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and traveled leisurely homeward, thus describes an interview he had with Mr. Fillmore at Buffalo:

On Monday morning, before leaving the city, I availed myself of the few moments left to me to visit the mansion of ex-President Fillmore, and his estimable and honored occupant, who I had last seen in his apartment overlooking the bay of Naples. As I entered his library, I found him searching for the birthplace of Aristotle in an ancient Atlas. I find that much of his time is taken up in literary researches—for his late extended tour has given him an increasing zeal. I was exceedingly interested in many things he stated which ordinary tourists do not see, some of which I might advert to without a breach of the law of social propriety.

Mr. F., being a lawyer, directed his attention to the modes of administering justice in the courts of the continent. In Paris he obtained a permit to attend a criminal trial, for spectators are not allowed there in the court room, as in our country. The counsel has nothing to do with the examination of witnesses; this is done by the judge; they may barely suggest inquiries, but cannot ask a single question. Little children testify without being sworn. Though they now have the trial by jury, they know nothing of the "habes corpus," so advantageously and fully explained in England and America. Mr. F. remarked that he never so appreciated its value as he has since his visit to this continent. In Southern Italy the old forms of despotism still bear their original and cruel features. A person in high position—a brother of a leading lawyer—in King Bomba's dominions, hears a rap at his door at midnight. He is informed that he is to go with the police, who are in waiting. He simply has time to announce his summons to his half-servant wife, to glance at his little one, and he is off, placed in a close carriage and blindfolded. He is driven he knows not where—through gates and grating doors, and down many flights of steps, and there shut up. No reason is assigned. He is utterly unconscious of any breach of law. He may have thought reform desirable. Three years he abides in his dungeon home. He is in the same way borne back and released, with the friendly counsel to fly the country in three days, as he would be taken up and punished if found in the kingdom after that time.

The party of the Tuscan Minister offered Mr. F. a fine opportunity of seeing a large number of the old nobility of Rome. These are men and women who claim to have the veritable blood of Scipio Africanus and Fabius Maximus in their veins, and they look with profound contempt upon an English patent that dates but three or four centuries back. I could not but think that this "etiam sum dignitate" of our retired ex-President, who once served his country so well, must afford far more real and rational enjoyment than can possibly be experienced from all the eclat, patronage, power and turmoil connected with the Chief Magistracy.

Mrs. Cunningham.—There are many stories floating about in regard to the past history of this woman, but few, we are sorry to say, show her in any very favorable light. The following, we believe, is perfectly reliable:

"About eight years ago, Mrs. Cunningham was a housekeeper for a young Dr. G.—then living on Fourth street, Ninth Ward. The Dr. at that time, was unmarried, and belonged to a highly respectable family. The lady began, after a time, to cut up the same oldies, and 'spread her net,' as she did with Dr. Burdell, all but the tragic part. Dr. G. was anxious to get rid of her, but she would not go. The Dr. hit upon an expedient. He went around to a fire company located in the vicinity, told his story to the boys, remunerated them a little, and in less than an hour we have been writing this, Mrs. Cunningham and all her duds found themselves in the street. Had Dr. Burdell pursued this course, he might have been alive at this day."

The Retired Physician.—His "hands of life are nearly wasted," had a couple of barrels of sand sent him by some way a few days ago. He will now be able to keep it running.

The N. Y. Pictorial proposes capital punishment for the wicked impostor as follows:

"HANG UP THE HONORABLE MR. OTTER WALKER!"—"The retired physician, whose sands of life, etc."—advertisements *Cannibal India* as a cure for consumption. As *Cannibal India* is not imported here, the public may judge of his honesty, and as it is a preparation of Indian hemp, a suggestion may arise as to the good another preparation of hemp might do, in hastening the efflux of the "retired physician's" "sands of life!"

This "retired" rascal, who is imposing upon the feeble, the sick, and dying, vents his foul temper against a Canada paper for exposing his vile tricks in defrauding honest people. Pass him round.—*Life Illustrated.*

DISCOVERY OF A LIBRARY IN THE TOMB OF MEMPHIS.—M. de Sauley, a member of the French Institute, who has passed some time in Egypt, and is very conversant with its archaeology, states in the Courrier de Paris, that an important discovery has been made in one of the tombs of Memphis of a whole library of papyri, which fortunately was saved from destruction by the agent of the British Museum, who bought the whole lot. Mr. Bird, of the museum, has as yet deciphered one of these curious manuscripts, which turns out to be a complete history of the Royal dynasties registered under the numbers 18 and 19 in Manetho's Chronological Canon. The celebrated Rosetta stone belonged to one of these dynasties, and the same period comprises the history of the occupation of Egypt by the Hyksos or shepherds, who kept Egypt under their sway for ages.—*London papers, Sept. 12.*

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Miscellaneous.

ELLEN BAYNE.

"Soft be thy slumbers!
Rude winds, depart!
Vision, in dream,
Chase thy young hours
From our white light hours,
And fond hopes remain;
Blossoming, like smiling lovers,
For thee, Ellen Bayne!

Chorus.—Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,
Dreams of beauty round thee hide,
While I linger by thy side,
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

Dream not in anguish,
Dream not in fear;
Love shall not languish—
Fond ones are near.
Sleeping or waking,
In pleasure or pain,
Warm hearts will beat for thee,
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

Recess shall have vanished,
Smile on thee now—
Pleasures, once banished,
Play round thy brow—
Fond, long departed,
Come, long departed,
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

Kit Carson.

This renowned backwoodsman, a Santa Fe correspondent tells us, is a mild, pleasant man in the expression of his face, and one would never suspect him of having led the life of daring and adventure which distinguish him. He is refined in his manners, and very polite in his intercourse; his conversation is marked with great earnestness, and his language is appropriate and well chosen, though not pronounced with correctness. He has a strong mind, and every thing he says is pointed and practical, except when indulging in a vein of humor, which is not infrequent. No one can converse with him an hour without being favorably impressed; he has a jovial, honest, open countenance, and a kindness of heart almost feminine. He is universally beloved, and a favorite with all classes, Indians included. He never alludes to his career, as an adventurer, unless questioned relative to it. Although he is free and easy in his conversation, everything he says in regard to himself, partakes of a degree of modesty almost incredible in one whose life has been an unbroken succession of hardships and dangers. The statements in a small periodical floating about Washington, called "Kit Carson, the Gold Hunter," he says is false. He is represented in this pamphlet as a colossal figure, when he is not over five feet eight inches in height. He is heavy framed, and weighs about 270 pounds. He is forty-eight years old, but does not look more than thirty-five. He went to the Far West in 1827, having run off from his employer, near Booneville, Missouri, to whom he was apprenticed to learn the saddler's trade. The facts of his life are now in the possession of Washington Irving, and will doubtless be thrown into the form of a book during the coming winter.

THAT WILL DO.—The editor of a firm Democratic weekly paper in the rural districts of Michigan recently addressed the following letter to Governor Bingham:

"Sir—I did my utmost as editor of the Democrat, to defeat you, and am very sorry I didn't succeed. Please send me, by return mail a Notary Public's Commission.

Yours, &c.

The Commission was promptly sent, which induces us to believe that Gov. Bingham, Black Republican as he is, is a good thing, and this certainly "leaves that way."

If you wish to be released from a rash promise of marriage, break the vows of love continually, after eating onions.